

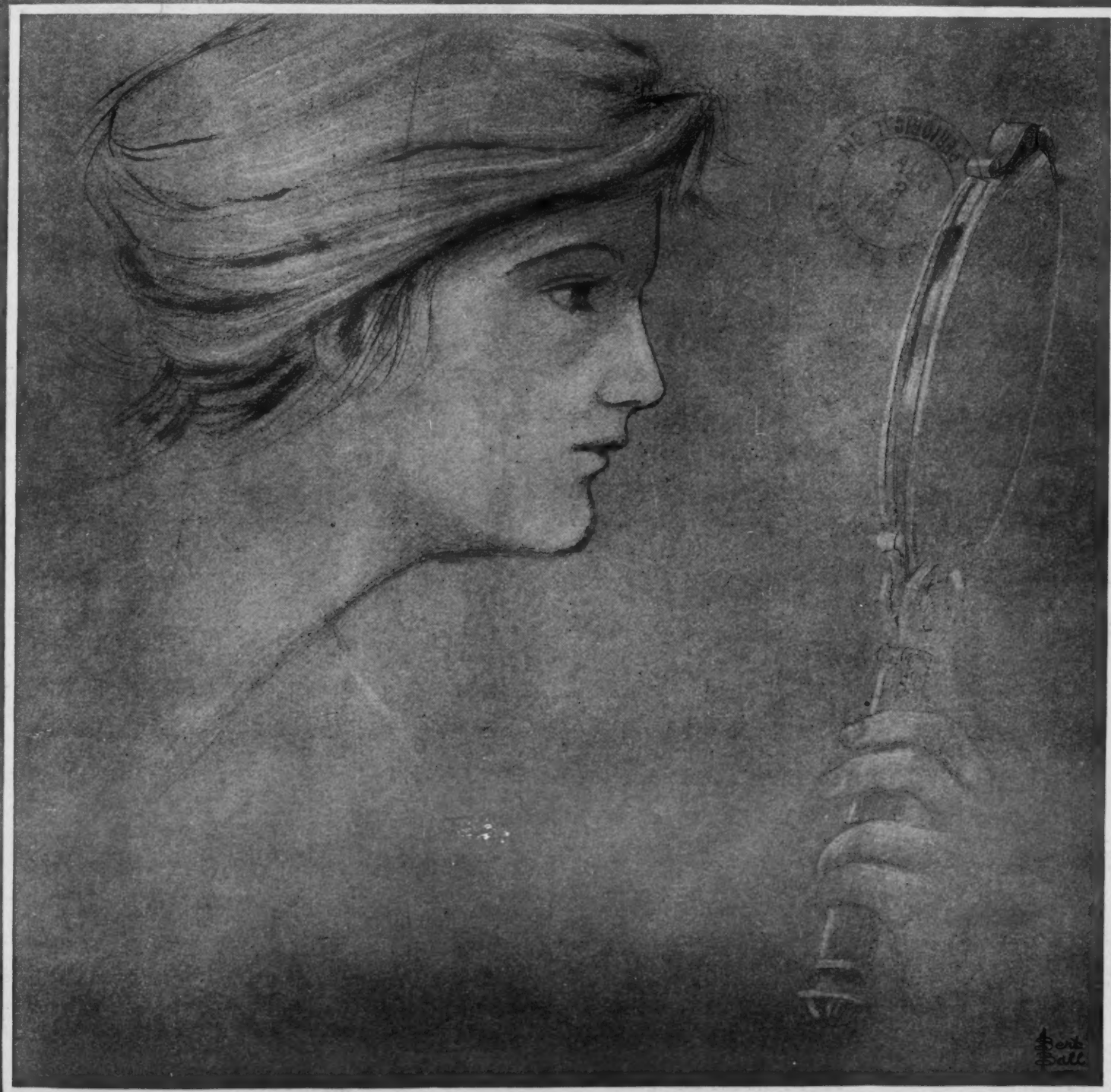
THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1906.

Price Five Cents

# THE MIRROR

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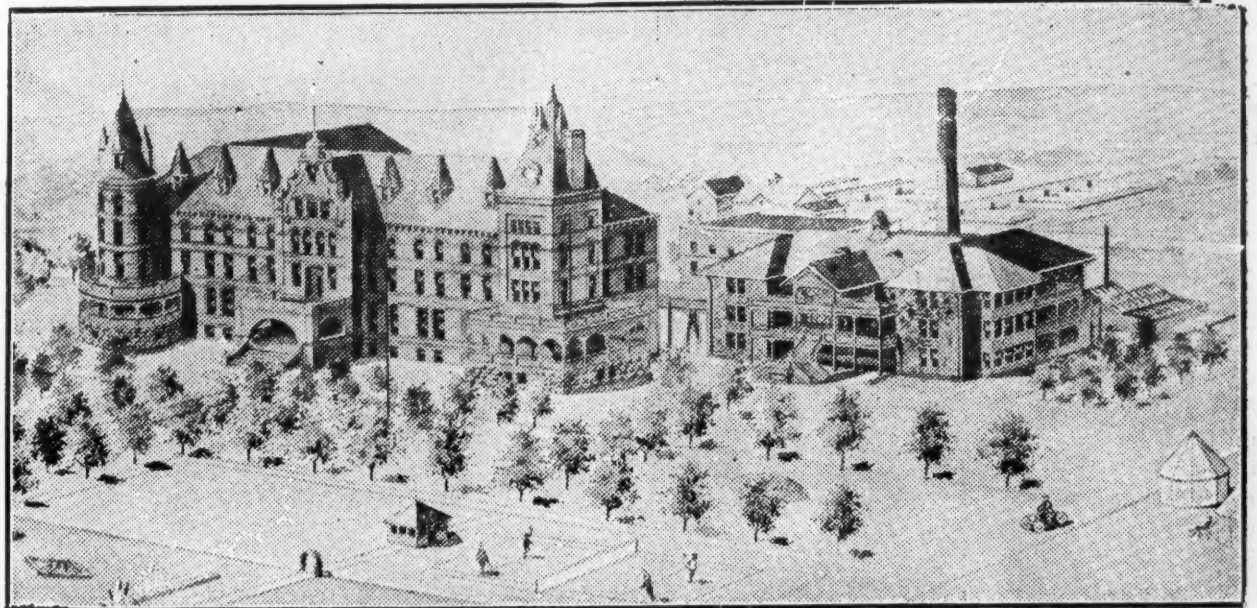
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That eight hours is the logical work day is admitted by all fair-minded men. Gov. Folk says: "I am taking steps to have the eight-hour law enforced in this State. I believe it has been demonstrated that such a law is desirable as a means of uplifting the laboring classes." The last Grand Jury of this city recommended the adoption of an eight-hour day for the police force and the Police Board now has the matter under consideration.

The employees of the various departments of the city government work eight hours. The United States Government has for years recognized that eight hours is long enough for any man to work in one day. As to the Typographical Union, the job-printing houses named below have granted the eight-hour day to their employees. Nine Printing firms, formerly employing members of No. 8, refused to work on the eight-hour basis and are now employing Non-Union Labor in trying to turn out the work so satisfactorily done before by union men.

Give your printing to the firms enumerated below. These firms employ Union Men.  
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Auto Review, Panama bldg., 210 Olive.  
Barnard, Geo. D. & Co., Vandeventer and Laclede aves.  
Bernitz Printing Co., 916 N. Eighth.  
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Diamond Paper Bag Factory, 739 S. Main st.  
East St. Louis Daily Journal, East St. Louis, Ill.  
East St. Louis Gazette, East St. Louis, Ill.  
East St. Louis Publishing Co., East St. Louis, Ill.  
Enterprise Addressing Co., n. e. cor. Second and Pine sts.  
Eureka Printing Co., 418 N. Third st.

Feldbush-Bowman Printing Co., 712 St. Charles st.  
Fleming, A. R., Printing Co., 204 Olive st.  
Frederick Printing and Stationery Co., 318 N. Third st.  
Friend, C. E., & Co., 120 N. Third st.  
Ford Printing Co., Granite City, Ill.  
Gast, Aug., Bank Note and Litho Co., Twenty-first and Morgan sts.  
Gast-Paul, Twenty-first and Morgan.  
Gerber Printing Co., 309 Locust st.  
Great Western Printing Co., 513 Elm.  
Gould Directory Co., 316 N. Eighth st.  
Haps, John, National Stock Yards, Ill.  
Harford Company, 117 Locust st.  
Harlan, J. M., Madison, Ill.  
Hart, Thomas, 115 N. Eighth st.  
Harris Publishing Co., 417 Washington ave.  
Helmich Bros., 212 Washington ave.  
Hervey & Matlack, 502 Missouri ave.  
East St. Louis, Ill.  
Hesse, Louis C., 316 Market st.  
Hinde & Hinde, Madison, Ill.  
Hoyer, H., Printing Co., 2920 S. Jefferson ave.  
Hussey, J. M., 4271 Wyoming st.  
International Musician, 3535 Pine st.  
Interstate Grocer, Granite bldg., Fourth and Market sts.  
Jefferson Printery, fifth floor, Publicity bldg., 1127 Pine st.  
Johnson, Frank D., 709 Chouteau ave.  
Journal of Commerce Co., 314 Chestnut st.  
Kastor, H. W., & Sons, Laclede bldg., Fourth and Olive sts.  
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Knox & Murphy, 107 N. Ninth st.  
Lambert-Deacon-Hull Printing Co., Twenty-first and Locust sts.  
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McGill Printing Co., 121 N. E. eighth.  
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Shelly Printing Co., Seventh st. and Lucas ave.  
Skaer Printing Co., 915 Locust st.  
Smith, F. H. & Co., 216 S. Twelfth st.  
Smyth, J. J., Printing Co., 314 Olive.  
South Side Printing Co., Seventh st. and Park ave.  
Sportsman Publishing Co., 704 St. Charles st.  
Standard Printing Co., 320 N. Third.  
State Republican Publishing Co., Panama bldg., 210 Olive st.  
Steele, J. W., & Co., 18 N. Third st.  
Studley, R. P., & Co., 513 Market st.  
St. Louiske Listy, 2117 S. Twelfth st.  
St. Louis Printing Co., 917 Pine st.  
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Tomkins, J. H., Printing Co., 6 N. Eighth st.  
Tureczek, Wm. J., 2007 S. Broadway.  
Type Art Press, 404½ N. Tenth st.  
Union Printing Co., 920 N. Seventh st.  
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Whipple Agency, Gay bldg., Third and Pine sts.  
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**Headquarters: 810 Olive Street**



# The Mirror

VOL. XVI.—No. 23

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1906.

PRICE. FIVE CENTS.



## A PROPOSAL

W. J. B.: THIS IS SO PREMATURE. LEAP YEAR'S IN 1908.



## THE MIRROR

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## Marshall Field, Tax Dodger

By W. M. R.

ARSHALL FIELD during the last seven years of his life cheated Chicago out of taxes upon \$105,000,000 worth of property. So says that city's Board of Review. Of Field's property \$130,000,000 was personal, and only \$50,000,000 real estate. How about this in relation to the Single Tax idea of taxing the land alone? This would be all right, provided the Single Tax were in universal operation. The land tax would get at the greater portion of Marshall Field's or any other millionaire's personality. Most of the personality is stocks and bonds. Those stocks and bonds are based in the last analysis, upon land values, since there is no great work or corporation that can be operated without a land basis. If the full community value were taxed out of the land in the first instance, the community would need no more. In fact, the community is entitled to no more. All personality should be untaxed in so far as it is personality, that is, in so far as it represents the accretion from individual effort. Tax the land value to the extent that community usage and presence gives value, and that tax would reach all the securities based upon the land. Taxing the land to its full value is the only way to tax into the treasury what belongs to the people as a community. What does not belong to the community, the community has no right to. So long as land is undertaxed so long will the people be defrauded by the hiding of evidences of value like bonds, mortgages, stocks, etc. If all the land of all the corporations in which Mr. Field had stock or bonds had been taxed in accordance with the principles of Henry George, all those evidences of wealth would thereby have been taxed. Land is the only valuable possession that can't be hidden. Tax all the land at its face value and then land not in use will have to be let go of. It can't be held idle to keep down production or to keep up rents. When you can't hold land out of use you can't have monopoly save in the shape of patents. When there can't be monopoly, there can't be oppression. When the land is open to everyone who will use it, the law of supply and demand will have full, free natural sway, without artificial constraint, modification or restriction. Work will be plentiful if all the land is in use. Labor will be paid what it actually earns. Production will increase and prices will range to accord with the supply and the need. Taxes will be evenly distributed. No man who can or will work will starve or suffer want. No worker will be the vassal of a master. There will be no voting to hold the job or for fear the works will shut down. We shall have clean politics. No one will have to slave while others idle in luxury. Individual ability will have play to the fullest extent. The single tax upon the land will take from each only what his membership in the community profits him. It will tax no value created by his hand or brain. Each shall have what he makes out of his own effort on the earth—and no more. You shall have yours. I shall have mine. We shall have, as a community, what is ours. And when we get ours we shall thereby lift a tax burden off yours and mine. Marshall Field robbed us of ours. He also robbed you of yours and me of mine, because, as you and I paid in more in proportion than he did to the tax fund, he benefited by the labor of you and me, that we turned into the treasury as taxes, to the extent that our payments paid for the community value of his holdings. Marshall Field's hidden

personality was not personality at all. It was realty value—at least, ninety per cent of it. The sin was not so much, absolutely speaking, that Marshall Field hid it as that the land ownership and value on which it was based, in a half-dozen States and cities, were not taxed according to the Henry George programme in the first place.

\*\*\*

## Reflections

Prohibition

**S**PEAKING of the "lid." Do the liquor interests and their lawyers know that a high authority in the State maintains that the manufacture and sale of intoxicants in Missouri can be, as well as may be, prohibited in Missouri, by statutory enactment? Such is the case. The liquor interests have been under the impression all along that Prohibition could only come through a constitutional amendment, ratified by the popular vote. Now, a statute to do, or to prevent the doing of any old thing is easy to get, almost any old time. To amend the constitution of the State is difficult. If Prohibition can be established by a mere "Be-it-enacted," the condition and position of the liquor interests are precarious enough to warrant those interests in refraining from exasperating the bucolic and puritanical element by condoning any concerted disregard of the Sunday law. If Prohibition can be imposed upon us direct from the Legislature, we had better look out.

\*\*\*

THERE's been nothing in the way of a tatterdemalion rally like the Bryan Reception Committee since Falstaff marshaled his companions on Gad's Hill.

\*\*\*

Kennish

THERE should be no politics on the Supreme bench. A square man not in touch with the aggrandizing special interests should get the vote of every man who believes in courts unswayable by the influence of the money classes. Therefore all democratic Democrats and democratic Republicans should vote for John Kennish on the Republican ticket. As a legislator he fought the lobby. As Assistant Attorney General he has fought the rapaciously lawless trusts. It is a fair assumption that as a Supreme Justice he will interpret the law of the State without regard for the elements that would stretch the law to cover their crookedness. A vote for Kennish will be a vote for an independent, incorruptible judiciary.

\*\*\*

THE Thaw-White murder case grows more pathetic as it is more exploited in the yellow press. A good way to dispose of it would be to get most of the witnesses into a group and flush them into one of the big sewers of the metropolis, whence they would be borne out to sea.

\*\*\*

THE day has about come for three-cent car-fare in St. Louis.

\*\*\*

Pink

REALLY the *Post-Dispatch* is too big to have done such a thing as duplicate the *Star-Chronicle's* pink sporting edition. The *Star-Chronicle* was entitled to its pre-eminence as a sporting paper. It had stood up against the fight against betting on races while the *Post-Dispatch* was in the fight, with the MIRROR. Whatever profit might come from the service of news to the sporting element was, and is, the *Star-Chronicle's* by right, to say nothing of the unquestioned excellence of that service. When the *Post-Dispatch* cuts in with a pink sporting edition to fool sport lov-



ers into buying it on the strength of its color it descends to a deception unworthy of a concern with such a history and tradition of big and original achievements. The incident hasn't increased public respect for the *P.-D.*, even if some folks smile at it as a smart trick.

❖❖

#### Folk Lightning

HERE'S a special from the *Republic* of last Friday—it is one of those small items that is destined to provoke multitudinous comment.

Jefferson City, Mo., July 26.—Lightning struck the Capitol during a thunderstorm at 8 o'clock this evening and shattered the glass in one of the large windows in the Governor's office. Beyond the shattered window no damage was wrought.

Glass is a non-conductor. The Governor was singularly forgetful in having any of it around, if, as some people suppose, there is no more desirable thing unto that some Governor than that he be struck by lightning of the Presidential variety. He is supposed to have a rod up all the time. But where was that rod on Thursday? Maybe, though, the lightning which shattered the glass in the Governor's office was Jersey lightning, launched by a lid-loathing Jove. Jersey lightning is the only lightning that would seek out our Governor. He has defied it. He has scoffed it in his attitude towards our German fellow citizens all the way from Gast's to Klausman's. He has been doing the Ajax act for more than a year now, and it was high time the "defi" should be answered. We have seen that the lightning struck the Governor's office when he wasn't there. That was fortunate. If it had hit the Governor it would have bent up like one of those leaden swords with which gladiators were wont to fight in the Roman arenas. There is no lightning can melt Gov. Folk or shake him, or hurl him from his pedestal. He is serene and suave in the mingled gloom of earthquake and eclipse. The lightning of Jersey has no terrors for him. But if it were the other sort of lightning! Too bad! The Governor should have been at home. He should remember John J. Ingalls' poem on "Opportunity," that comes once only to each man's door. And yet—and yet we would not have the Governor stay at home. He is the best advertisement of the State that Missouri has known. He is the only Missourian that the outer heathen inquire about when the other Missourian goes abroad. Besides, the lightning he is said to be looking for, may, just as well hit him in another State. Indeed, here in Missouri the foes of Folk have him entirely surrounded with glass to keep off this kind of lightning. Nothing in the way of glass is more transparent than the plot of the Missourians to boom Bryan and keep Folk sheltered from a stroke. Mayhap, the lightning that came when Folk was away was an omen of good import to him. It may have signified that the lightning now fulminating is not the proper brand. It may further be a reminder that the Governor had better get away from the glass and get into a state or place of unshe-tered "receptivity" where presidential lightning will have a good, square crack at him. Possibly it wasn't lightning at all, but only a wireless message from London exploding in futile attempt to express the thought and language of Col. Mose Wetmore or L. D. Dozier upon beholding Mr. Bryan falling upon the neck of Edward VII. Possibly it was only a love vibration from Harry Hawes, back from New York, for Harry can't see anything for him in Bryan's boom, after smashing Bryan's picture and being declared by Bryan to be the most unfit man for Governor of Missouri that it was possible for the party to consider. Maybe Hawes

thinks he'd stand a better chance with Folk for President, than with Bryan. Anyhow, the whole country will agree that lightning smashing the glass in Folk's office is an ouranian attention that must bring him to the front as a possibility. The stars in their courses may seem to be fighting for Bryan. Electricity may be doing some humping for him in the *Republic's* cablegrams—evidently cooked up from skeletons and ciphers. But this lightning stroke serves to remind the country that Folk is still on deck. It does this quite as effectively as a speech might have done it, or an interview, or the passage of resolutions by some State convention. It shows that Folk is in the public mind as a possible candidate for President. The lightning stroke at Jefferson City may be the sign to Folk and to the world in and from the heavens as the cross was to Constantine. There are other signs, too. We read in Sunday's paper that at Fremont, Neb., on the 28th inst. "rubber boots saved the life of Elmer Lovelady, a farm hand, when a bolt of lightning struck the barn on the farm of M. C. Fischer, six miles south of Fremont." This is a warning to statesmen who wear gum shoes, who look for Senatorial lightning to strike them a second time. Gum shoes are insulative. The Governor must beware of gum shoes and their wearers. Gum shoes are prevalent in Missouri politics. Those who wear gum shoes should discard them and get near the lightning attracter.

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#### "Coniston" vs. "Lady Baltimore"

CONNOISSEURS of fiction may find warm weather exercise for their faculties of taste in sampling "Lady Baltimore" and comparing it with "Coniston," Owen Wister with Winston Churchill; both books published by the Macmillans. What a difference in tone. "Lady Baltimore" is like Chateau Yquem; "Coniston" like hard cider. Owen Wister has an air and some very happy snappy humor. Winston Churchill is as serious as an Indian. The "Lady Baltimore" story is full of the charm of old Charleston. There's little charm in "Coniston." Wister is blithe, even in his wistfulness. Churchill is solemn, even in his angular cavortings. And how Wister can write of girls, or old ladies, or cakes, or a punch-brew, or of a rose garden. With what a debonair optimism Wister's narrator scatters his cynic criticism of present day conditions! Churchill is ponderous as Grover Cleveland. Perhaps Owen and Winston are both somewhat priggish, but the former is bright and jaunty, and sees all sides of very serious subjects without failing of due emphasis on the right side. Churchill and Wister are both garrulous, but the latter's loquacity has sparkle and glow to it. His two girls, *Eliza La Hue* and *Hortense Rieppe*—they are known to you. They stand out. You can see around them, sense them in every way. *John Mayrant*, too, you've known, a *chevalier sans reproche* too late born. With all Wister's raillery at the Southern ideals, there's a perfect grasp of the beauty and tenderness of them, and of the strength, too. And Wister's view of life has such a sane catholic sweep, also! Even the hero's maiden aunts take a thoroughbred's view of life, that virtue is the woman's business, and "once or twice to throw the dice is a gentlemanly game." Every page of "Lady Baltimore" makes you feel good; everybody in it is so human, and they're all so properly laughed at, and their characters have such fetching kinks and little twists—almost like facial jerks or word tricks. And there's a keenness in the calmness of the tale that keeps you on edge. The book is more literature and more life than "Coniston." It is more American, too, in its

sentiment, and in its cynicism. It has more ease and grace, and yet it preaches reform no less strenuously than does Churchill's novel. Above all, though, its women have the very essence of woman about them, each in their state and degree, from *Aunt Coriola* to *Juno* and the poetess; and the hero is the sort of boy hero you used to think you'd like to be yourself. And the plot is one of those plots that are the stronger for being all cob-webby, and no danger at all. As a social study, "Lady Baltimore" is exquisite, fluent, with a touch of sophisticated preciosity. It shears and spears right into follies and foibles that have become evils and it has a strain of Thackerayan satire, say what you will. Romantic satire, don't you know? The author half decrying, half believing. But all the goodness and sweetness and rightness coming out on top, and the world rolling on just about the same, apparently, but with the reader seeing a little deeper into all hearts, including his own. Charm and yet again charm, has Wister. Churchill seems to hit off charm only by accident. There's nothing neater in American fiction than the study in "Lady Baltimore" of "the girl behind the counter." There's one little sketch that "ties it"—a chapter of love making on top of a Fifth avenue stage in Percival Pollard's novel. "The Imitator." *Eliza La Hue* is a girl we shall all be in love with for a long time, but still we'll not be above feeling that we wished we had a yacht and automobiles, and special monogrammed cigarettes and time and a "shade" in the Wall street game, and a summer to put in with *Hortense Rieppe*—just to break her on the wheel. Yes, and sad to say, many of us will be wanting, as *Hortense* wanted, the hero's high and deep innocence that was also wisdom. What does anybody want in or out of "Coniston?" It is hard-tack, compared with the cake after which Wister's book takes its name. Yet "Coniston" is a good book—for a book of its sort. It is possibly sacrilege to write so of a St. Louis man's novel, but that's the way it strikes us. One will pass along half a dozen "Lady Baltimores" among his friends. He will read "Coniston" and say "Churchill doesn't know his politics quite so surely as he thinks he knows it, and he doesn't know women at all."

❖❖

MR. ROOSEVELT won't break his word. That's all.

❖❖

#### Trypsin

Good news for the world. It is almost incontrovertibly assured that a cure for cancer has been discovered in the pancreatic fluid. Cancer seems to be nothing more than a development of certain degenerate tissue cells which eat up the higher form of tissue cells. These lowly cells appear to exist in but not of the human embryo, *de novo* and *ab ovo*, and destined to development some time or other, so that "if you live long enough you will surely have cancer." They are not merely misplaced cells, as was for a time imagined, but cells that reproduce themselves only malignantly to other cells. A Dr. Beard of Edinburg discovered them in the embryos of certain fish. In experiments upon mice, it has been found that it is possible to reproduce or transplant cancer in those animals, but that it can't be transplanted to a rat or to a mouse of a different variety. In the embryo of the fish certain larval structures of cellular character are discovered. These seem to be a base upon which the new organism develops. But as the activities of the pancreas (or sweetbread) begin, developing the most powerful of all digestive juices, the larval or asexual cells begin to degenerate and disappear. This pancreatic juice is called *trypsin*. Now, if the trypsin of the adult destroys the germ cell, the larval



or asexual cell, in the fish foetus, why not the fluid of man's sweetbread or pancreas destroy cancer? The trypsin was tried upon mice that had been inoculated with tumor tissue and had developed tumors of their own as a result. It was found that the trypsin destroyed the tumor or cancer cells. Trypsin is directly and utterly ruinous to the asexual generation of cells. Trypsin has been tried on cancer in man. The result, says Prof. Saleeby in August *McClure's*, is either demonstrative that trypsin cures cancer, or the facts observed and recited "are due to a series of miraculous interventions with the course of nature," or "they may be no facts, but dependent on the simultaneous loss of reason by the various persons who have observed them, or they may be a series of unprecedented coincidences." The assumption of a series of miracles or of coincidences as long as that noted in the experiments is absurd. The assumption of an instantaneous insanity upon an identical subject with such intricate ramifications and with such consistency of development is itself as insane as would be the conception that we are all the victims of a delusion when we agree that night follows day. Cancers in men, cancers of the most malignant type, have been destroyed by trypsin. Dr. Beard thinks that he has found the cure. He is so *sure* he has that he gives it to the world, taking his chance that if it is not a cure he is ruined. Dr. Saleeby, than whom there is no more careful scientific writer in the world, a man who also has a reputation to lose if he is wrong, thus concludes this surely epoch-making article in *McClure's*: "If Dr. Beard is right he could well afford to wait for his inevitable reward of glory. If he be wrong, such an article as this can only injure him. But he prefers to take his chance since, whilst he can afford to wait, the victim of cancer cannot; and, besides, what we call a chance is for Dr. Beard a certainty. The event will prove. . . . Meanwhile, I submit to the civilized world generally, the proposition that the 'trypsin' or pancreatic treatment of cancer is worthy of *immediate trial* in the behalf of the many persons to whom *it alone* offers a possible chance of escape from an otherwise inexorable fate."

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IS THE *Republic's* special correspondent with the Bryan caravan helping Bryan or is he booming Dave Francis. There's more of Francis than of Bryan in the dispatches, for the record of Bryan's doings daily is wound up always with a paragraph setting forth how Francis has to fight with both hands to escape being carried on the shoulders of a frantically affectionate crowd. There was no sense in sending Homer Bassford, a good newspaper man, to Europe to cable back such drivel. "Bud" Dozier could have done that to a nicety, as Dave's factotum and fag.

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#### Writing English

"MADAME DE TREYMES" is the name of a story in the August *Scribners*, by Edith Wharton. It's worth reading, first, for the flavor of lilac in its artistry, with a slight suggestion of deadly nightshade, secondly for its striking presentation of the fact in French life of the family as the unit instead of the individual, as with us. Such stories, written with a real finesse, that evolves their motive with a keen subtlety of suggestion rather than by the methods of the downright obvious, are a great relief after the loud clamor and the crass brutality of execution of most of what we have called "strong" in magazine literature. Edith Wharton writes with the sense of artistic selection of words. There are few American writers who contrive the effect of a keen pleasure in the proper, the one, only, fit, inevitable word or phrase in its place. Mark Twain says truly that William Dean Howells is one. Edward S. Martin, who writes the editorials

in *Life* is another. There are two or three editorial writers on the New York *Sun* who are in this class. Edith Wharton is the only woman this side the water who dares to be precious in this particular. "Madame De Theymes" is good, as a condensed story, but it is splendid as showing how the most delicate shadings, as in a painting, may be given in the arrangement of words, in a style in which even the punctuation marks seem to bear a reasoned, a delicately calculated effect to the whole scheme of a work. Her style stays just at that perfect point beyond which that of Henry James passes into mere stringing out of ideas qualified away to the uttermost limit of caducity.

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#### We Need More Contempt

TOM JOHNSON, Mayor of Cleveland, doesn't care for injunctions by courts. The injunction business has been pushed so far that what is needed is some open and well considered defiance of the injunction with a view to bringing out the trickery that lurks behind this legal device. The injunction is too often the "job" of some interest, strong with the court that grants it, to gain time in which to filch or encroach upon some public right. It is about time for some one to defy injunctions in the hope of showing, in a fight, what a flimsy trick the injunction is. The injunction is always evoked in the name of some right. In fact, it is always the instrument for the compassing of some privilege. It is a great engine of the corporation against the community. Therefore, it should be defied in more cases than it is. The presumption is in favor of the established fact. The established fact is the right of the community first. Franchises and privileges are fictions. Injunctions are questionable law at best. It is hoped that Mayor Johnson will continue in contempt of court until he can make the public see how the injunction is ever the tool of the privilege holder to pry the public loose from some right. More power to Mayor Johnson's contempt for courts only too ready to serve the privileged interests and to prevent the people from lawfully asserting their own rights.

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#### The Point of View

MR. ROSENTHAL, editor of the *Modern View*, that excellent periodical of progressive Judaism, makes merry over the article upon local ghetto conditions contributed to last week's MIRROR by Montefiore Bienenstok of the Associated Jewish Charities. Mr. Rosenthal is entitled to his opinion, but we venture to say that Mr. Bienenstok, working as he does in the ghetto and among its denizens, knows more about conditions in the ghetto than Mr. Rosenthal can know. Indeed, one has but to ride through the ghetto territory on a street car any of these days, and his eyes and his nose will tell him that Mr. Bienenstok writes truth. Making merry over misery is not quite becoming in a person of such highly artistic and even sumptuous appointment as characterizes Mr. Rosenthal of the *Modern View*. Of course Beau Brummell scouted the idea that there was want and woe in London, in his happy heyday. Harry Lehr probably doesn't believe there is any suffering in New York.

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#### Not Yet Eliminated

SOME Missourians in National politics seem to be sweating dreadfully in their effort to make a noise big enough to drown Gov. Folk's "still, small voice." There's a lot of public approval of Folk. It is just on the verge of expression. A little thing, a word, may start this feeling into something that will play hob with the "unanimity" for Mr. Bryan. Bear this in mind. Folk is not yet out of the Democratic presidential running, and won't be until he formally puts himself out, for which there is no necessity now.

Folk is pretty well soaked into the public mind all over the country, and no amount of fanfare is going to shake him out of that lodgment. Some things he may do within the next two years may make the public idea of Folk more dynamic, more active, less latently potential and semi-curious than it is now. Folk is still in it as a possibility, however the liquor interests or the Industrial Alliance may rave and rage.

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## The Pest Houses of Poverty

By Patrick Francis Cook

IN last week's issue of the MIRROR appeared a striking picture of a district right in the heart of this city that has always filled the hearts of newspaper men and those who know the city well with horror and amazement. The people who ride on the street cars passing through that district are always outspoken in their sympathy for the unhappy denizens of that ill-fated section. Many times have I heard the expression: "It would be a good thing for humanity, if some day, in broad daylight, that district should be wiped off the earth by fire." And it *would* be a good thing. For, rest assured, it will never be improved in any manner whatsoever as long as it continues to yield the revenue it now does to the old estates to which it belongs.

The conditions of the ghetto in this city, as in every city of any importance in the world, are directly traceable to the greed and extortion and heartless blindness to the best interests of humanity that are the logical results of absentee landlordism. In Chicago, New York and Pittsburg it is the same. The bigger the estate, the more heedless they are of the tenant's welfare. For, let it be remembered, that these estates seldom or never spend any money on improvements. There have been few improvements in our ghetto district for fifty years. Why should there be? the owners ask. They can find plenty of people willing to pay them rent for these miserable hovels, unfit for a dog to live in with any degree of comfort—people whose earnings are so small and whose means of existence are so sparse that these dirty, filthy, rotten and polluted buildings seem to be the only fit abode for such unhappy specimens of humanity.

A recent writer on the ghetto of Pittsburg, which, by the way, is chiefly located on land belonging to the Shenley estate—the greediest and most heartless of all Pennsylvania land holders—states that it is a common saying in Pittsburg that the Shenley estate never makes any improvement in its property until compelled by the improvements made by adjoining property holders. The woman who held this vast patrimony in that rotten burg for so many years lived in England the greater part of her life, and never as much as deigned to look in upon the people from whose unhealthy toil the golden stream of tribute in the shape of rent was drawn during all those many years. And so it is in St. Louis. This blood money fattens our representatives of the oldest, most respectable, most elegant families—our aristocracy. There are thousands of citizens who never see these places; nor do they care what they breed, nor do they care what becomes of their fellows. Yet their mouths are full of empty boasts of how great and glorious a country this, and how superior our civilization is to that of other countries, when the fact is that no country in the world to-day can show such a gulf between the rich and the poor as can be seen right here in "our own United States of America." If some of our high-toned, conservative dwellers in "places" with English names in the West End want to learn why it is that converts to Socialism are making such headway in this country to-day, let them visit the ghettos of St. Louis or Pittsburg or New York for a week or ten days, and they will never wonder again at the present rampant unrest and discontent. Men brutalized by want and suffering are not to be blamed for arraying



themselves under any flag that promises relief from such conditions as Montefiore Bienenstok so realistically described in the MIRROR of July 26th. It would be stranger still if revolt did not stir within their breasts, and move them to desperation at the fate which condemns them to such a lot in life.

The holders of these big estates rent the land on the long-lease basis, if they rent it at all, and the fortunes that have been taken out of some of these holdings in rent in the past fifty years would dizzy the imagination in some instances, if they should become known. They will not improve the property while it continues to pay them the enormous rent it does in its present frightful condition. As to the struggle of the unfortunate tenants to make a living, the real landlord knows little and cares less. *This is the crucifixion of humanity in the name of private property in land*—for this is the parent evil of the frightful conditions that surround the ghettos of all the great cities of the world. The owners of these same houses could well afford to erect a new and better house for every one in these districts from which they are now extracting rent with such woeful results to humanity. They could well afford to do this after having so much profit out of them through long series of years. That would be only right and proper; but cupidity, selfish greed, the hardness of heart that will not permit them to appreciate the woes of their fellow human beings prompts them to continue to fatten on the human misery that they could do so much to lessen, and the conditions they could do so much to improve. It is a farce to talk about this community being civilized—or any other community, for that matter—as long as we permit our brothers to live under such conditions, when, by proper legal enactments we might make it impossible for any man or set of men to collect rent from pest holes such as those which Mr. Bienenstok describes. When we learn to conform to natural laws of taxation, and begin to recognize that most of our economic wrongs spring primarily from the abuses, injustices and barbaric practices resulting from *private property in land*—when we realize the truth, now beginning to dawn upon millions of Americans, that *the man who owns the land owns the people who live upon the land*, then, and not till then, will we take such steps and enact such legislation as will forever prevent the existence in any civilized community of sections and districts so prolific of human misery and human defilement as those permitted to pollute the atmosphere of the leading cities of Europe and America.

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## Kindly Caricatures

[67] R. C. Kerens

WHEN, in bestowing upon him a medal for exalted service to Catholic interests in the United States, Archbishop Glennon exuded the effusive exaggeration, "all his days he has borne the white flower of a blameless life," the eminent ecclesiastic had never read any of the literature upon the life and adventures of Mr. R. C. Kerens, compiled by the Hon. Chauncey Ives Filley. The handsome hierarch had never "looked up the records."

But the wearer of "the white flower" had subscribed handsomely to the new Cathedral here. S-s-s-h! Not a word about "tainted money."

Mr. Kerens has always made his first and middle initials stand for his chief capital. They have been used industriously in the Republican party as meaning "Roman Catholic." For thirty years he has stood around during campaign times and talked mushily of what he and Archbishop Ireland were going to do with the vote of "our people." Mr. Kerens thought he had delivered his people to Blaine, but Burchard put the "kibosh" on him there. A fact,



Kindly Caricatures No. 67.

R. C. KERENS

by the way, which only redounded to Mr. Kerens' greater glory. All credit to Mr. Kerens for his standing up for his creed, even if he did play up perse-

cution of his faith for his own exaltation. He did well to fight A. P. A.-ism, even if mostly the A. P. A. was a "straw man," and at best a bit



of bigotry that condemned and destroyed itself. Surely, the order designed to keep Catholics out of politics did nothing but bring Catholics into politics—and only too many of them Catholics who had forgotten how to bless themselves until they saw the chance to realize upon a claim of right within the pale. Mr. Kerens is that kind of Catholic—not exactly; but he neglected no opportunity to bring himself to the front panoplied in all the potentialities of a champion of a numerically strong and fervently enthusiastic body of citizens. All of which would hardly be subject to criticism if he had even once displayed himself as possessing anything but the assumption of representing such a force and feeling. It would all have been so much finer and better if only the advantages flowing from his championship to himself had not been so patent. Doubtless he helped his co-religionists some. But he surely helped Kerens a great deal and kept himself to the front, next to the pie counter or swill trough and close to the cash box for many a long year. Not his faith but his egregious capitalizing of it is objected to.

Mr. Kerens has been for a quarter of a century a candidate for the Senate from Missouri, with a strong support of the most illustrious mercenaries of politics outside the State. He was not known in the State, but he was always in evidence when a legislature was to be chosen. Then he put out his money in the legislative districts. He rarely had anything to give to his party for anything but his own campaign. He always got the minority nomination for Senator, and this when he wasn't in the State, all told, one hundred days of the three hundred and sixty-five in any one year. His purchased status gave him standing with the Republican ring and let him in on good things at Washington. He was a little brother of the rich, a "piker" who "tailed" the big pirates of his party, and he grew richer year by year. He was a big Missourian in that gang, but no one knew him in Missouri outside of those who had their hands out when legislative elections came around.

Once the Missouri delegation started to a National Republican convention pledged and instructed for another man for National Committeeman. Something happened to them on the train. At the convention they voted for Kerens for National Committeeman. That's a sample of Kerens' statesmanship.

The men Kerens trained with were the fat-friers, the manipulators of blocks of five, the gang that got the "black" delegations, Dudley, Hanna, Dorsey, Elkins, Quay. For more than a generation he has been known as "Star Route Dick." The star routes were postal routes on which one bag of mail might be carried in a month, but the bill went in to Uncle Sam for, maybe, five hundred bags. This was the general principle of the steal. It was, of course, developed and decorated into a more elaborate and profitable rake-off. Star Route frauds were the third in order of great Republican steals. The others were the Whiskey Ring and the Credit Mobilier. Kerens came into Republican statesmanship, with the sort of politics that blasted Blaine at the top of his career. The anchor thrown out to windward caught him in a little livery stable in Arkansas and he came up from the bottom with other sediment that has since shone phosphorescently. He saved the country during the war in some noble fashion—as sutler or selling mules or something like that.

There were good things in Arkansas after the war. "The Mulligan letters" show that. Kerens got in on the good things of reconstruction days. The South was a province to plunder. Carpet-baggers filled their carpet bags with the spoil. Franchises and charters were easily secured from ignorant and corrupt legislatures controlled by the men seeking the privileges. Reconstruction passed away,

Graft under Grant and Star Routes under Garfield, were forgotten. Kerens loomed up in Missouri as a financier, a magnate, a yearner for the Senatorship from this State. He had no gifts, no talents, no attractiveness of personality. He wheedled and fawned and cringed. He was 'umble as *Uriah Heep*. He couldn't break in. But he had made friends with the Blaine bunch in Arkansas, and they were strong in Washington, and so through them he began to get favors for Missourians. His "pull" beat all the proofs of work and loyalty that might be presented at Washington. His illustrious big friends built

up a machine for him from outside the State. The men who were gotten jobs in this way, got up delegations for him to conventions, and so he was imposed on the State as a leader by the ring. He never carried anything. He never had an idea. He couldn't make a speech. He couldn't meet people, but always dealt through agents. When anyone of brains did meet him, he impressed only by his ignorance. He talked stuff that sounded like he'd learned the phrases and repeated them like a parrot. He knew nothing, apparently, but how to write a cheque, and where to send it. His sole topic was

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his friendship with the big fellows at Washington. He didn't and doesn't know anything that goes deeper than the simplest catch-words of politics. All the Republican work in Missouri was done by Mr. Filley, and as soon as the spoils were to be divided, Kerens went to the big Blaine gang and got in his work. The fawning, vapid fellow who couldn't carry a precinct had more swing at the White House than the man who organized the State.

Finally Missouri went Republican, but before that the gang at Washington had been smashed by Czolgoscz. Roosevelt was President. He knew Kerens and whence came his strength. "Twenty-three" for Star Route Dick and his "white flower of a blameless life." "Skiddoo" for the little whimpering, mealy-mouthed, furtive, shallow, trailing "leader" who could deliver the Irish and Catholic vote and who talked phonograph-twaddle about the flag. The Legislature went Republican. For a quarter of a century Kerens had been, by way of the cheque book, the minority candidate for Senator. Mr. Filley woke up. The legislative caucus chose his protege for the Senatorship. Kerens, after agreeing to support the caucus, bolted. He defeated the election of Mr. Niedringhaus, but he showed himself for what he was—a rank squealer and an Irish "informer." He fell down in the game when the time came to win by big and fine playing. He was no thoroughbred. Good at penny ante, but cold feet when the limit was off. A good sneak, but not game enough for a

grapple. The legislators sized him up right. Good enough to give the minority nomination, but not heavy enough, too small in his hat measure to be really a Senator when his party had a chance to make one. He didn't see the landslide coming. He didn't have the sporting blood to quit piking with yellow chips when the time came to play the blues. He had heart failure, when the big prize was almost at his hand. He went all to pieces, and exposed himself in all his flimsiness, his cheapness, his lack of daring, his infantile intelligence, his cowardly and dishonorable inability to abide by the rules of the contest to which he had given his adherence. He had undercut others, and stabbed them in the back and bought away their supporters and brought force to bear upon them for years. When the gaff was stuck into him he squealed like a pig under a gate. All the latent contempt he had inspired in men in politics came out at once, and he found his place. His "yellow streak" made William Warner Senator and tagged himself as a "snitch." He "belched" over Adolphus Busch's contribution to the campaign fund because Mr. Niedringhaus and Mr. Stifel wouldn't let him finance the party and take a mortgage on the Senatorship. Now he is the backer of the movement in his party to knife the men who conducted the campaign that carried the State for Roosevelt.

Mr. R. C. Kerens is personally impressive by reason only of his grooming. His white hair and mustache, and his pink skin, give you the impression of

cleanliness. His manner is that of one who would be pompous if he was quite sure he wouldn't collapse in his pose. He talks with a half breezy insincerity that can't conceal his limited scope of intellect. His trite superficialities of utterance are evidently the studied memorizations from a campaign hand book. He is always impressing you with his closeness to the big financiers of the East. He doesn't meet people who want to talk deep down to talk to him. He has secretaries to do that, because he doesn't know anything but what he wants. He doesn't show up in meetings of big men locally, but if he does his talk tinkles thinly, and he emits tepid air. He was one of the few big moneyed men of St. Louis who held out of the World's Fair movement, and he begged piteously, but in vain, for a ticket to the banquet to the President. Whatever ghost of strength he ever had was as a messenger-valet for the gang that swung and swiped things from the time of Grant to that of McKinley in Republican high-finance politics. When you mention his name to any of the strong achievers or contrivers in this city, they don't say anything; they just laugh. He doesn't "class" in any of the activities of the men with whom he pretends to rank. His position is that of the false alarm, the dough-face, the welcher, the generally short skate. He has some six or ten millions of money, but that came by hanging on to the coat tails of others, or as the discarded cores and rinds of fruits eaten by others bold enough to pluck them.



# Women's

## NEW FALL SUITS

The Styles that shall rule for  
the coming Season are here!

We are not "crowding the season," but merely taking advantage of conditions favoring an earlier-than-usual showing of new fashions in Fall apparel.

We had early and authoritative hints from the style arbiters of the modes that are to prevail this fall in Women's Suits. The points of excellence which distinguish the correct ready-to-wear garments are all in evidence in this early showing. The *materials embrace* English Suitings, Chevron Cheviots, Broadcloths, neat mixtures, genteel checks, hair line effects, and many novel overlaid effects.

The *shapes* which will be most popular will be the smart tailor-made coat suits from 24 to 36 inches in length in both fitted and semi-fitting effects, while the jaunty Eton or Blouse Suits with vest effects and Peplum will be favorites with those wishing to depart from the more severely plain tailored models. Our early showing of these superb suits range in price from \$29.00 on up to \$95.00.

See our Window Display on Broadway, and then inspect the many new models on display in the Cloak Department on second floor.

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ONE I LOVE,  
TWO I LOVE,  
THREE I LOVE, I SAY,  
BLANKE-WENNEKER CHOCOLATES  
I WILL LOVE ALWAYS.

He flourishes in shadow, shrivels in sun. But he is a truly pious man. And he "wears the white flower of a blameless life"—if you don't care for what the written records show. He is most decently dull and formally empty, and almost abject because he almost half-suspects this at times. His religion would be a stronger point in his favor if his professing were not pushed into professionalism. His charities are to his credit; so are his domestic virtues; so is his devotion to the practices of his religion; but in his public character as a political pretender he is etiolate and vaporous, and viscid and, as events have shown, impotently unvirile at a crisis calling for a stout heart, a stiff spine, "a clean hand and the rigor of the game."

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### Blue Jay's Chatter

Dearest Jen:

**M**RS. FRED NOLKER has gone East with a private and particular physician to recuperate after that fierce automobile escapade in which she ran over and killed a citizen of the town. A snap for the woman physician, a Doctor Marian Somebody. If Mrs. Nolker only looked a little less—er—er—robust, we would all feel that our condolence and sympathy would be a kind of first aid to the lady's injured nerves, but, land o' Goshen! she was the plumpest thing this side o' Kalamazoo the last time I saw her, which was two days before she left town. Don't see why she should have skipped away, either, and left poor Eddie Lemp to stand all the brunt of the cross examinations and the usual red tape of such a proceeding. But maybe I'm wrong—maybe Eddie likes to assume the responsibility—this hot weather. Wonder if Mrs. Nolker had a moment to spare before she went, to look up any relatives, if there be any, of the electrician whom her auto killed. Wouldn't it have been a splendid plan to

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have taken two or three of them East with her and done something for the restoration of their shattered nerves? Provided they'd let her.

Who do you suppose has knuckled down to hard labor at low wages? Now, don't faint dead away when I tell you 'tis young Murray Carleton. Isn't that a stunning surprise? Our dear, darling Murray, whose chocolates, whose violets, and whose Glen Echo dinners were the only things that made life worth living for at least ten of us girls, has actually, positively, and perspiringly gone to work. He seems to like it—ain't that awful?—Leastways, he says he does—in the *Post-Dispatch*—and land sakes!



Jane, he can't be trying for a better job by way of advertising columns, for "Pa" Carleton will give him one at perhaps a dollar more per week whenever he thinks Murray is worth the raise. "Pa" Carleton is the right stuff, and if he only makes Murray stick to his knitting—or his packing boxes, or whatever it is, we may all confidently hope for another millionaire in that family some fine spring day. Isn't it just pufekly turrible to think of those beautiful pink and white, beautifully manicured hands gettin' all grimy and mussed up, pounding nails in dry goods boxes? I'm not the only girl in town who's dewing her pillow with large salt tears nightly because Murray doesn't show up after the shades of evening has fell. You see, he actually has to work at night, helping pack bundles of muslin into stupid and dry old boxes to send to Phoenix, Ariz., and other distant points. And he can't accept even a teenty little dinner invite, because he gets home too late to get off his—oh, darling, what are those terribly common and awfully dirty working c'lothes called, that always go with tin buckets and clay-covered picks and shovels?—well, he really and truly, cross-my-heart-hope-to-die, wears them all day long,—I suppose over his New York tailor's latest cut. Isn't it sad? We girls are going down to see him some day soon and condole. Who? Oh, Julia Wilson and Marjory Thornburgh and Helen Block and all that bunch. Murray will be so glad to see us, I'm sure.

Went over to the St. Louis Club last Friday night to one of those desperately exciting garden parties of theirs. Punk. I hardly knew a St. Louis Club G. P. without Dave Francis coming in sorter late and strolling round, with the glad hand out right 'n left. And Buddy Dozier missing. Florence Hayward at some alleged summer resort—why, Jane, it was too sad and forlorn without those accustomed ones, for just any earthly use. Wonder why it is that the club never gets invitations sent round to half enough girls for these summer doings. Loads of girl's are home this summer. Oh, Jane, I've a splendid idea—I'm going to tell Larry Mauran and Saunders Norvell about it, and get them to start the thing. Instead of giving those beautiful frapped, al fresco, frolics, when the gayest note of the evening is struck by a mild mannered yarn from Lewis Tune or Lawrence Branch, why don't they invite a whole bunch of girls from the telephone companies, or a big department store, or something interesting, and introduce a brand new element. My conscience, you wouldn't be able to get some of those old boys away until the last pink ruffle and the last rosy cheek had disappeared down the boulevard. And let 'em bring their own women folks, too, to chaperone and do the thing right and proper, you know. A little charity would end in being a big charity to the club parties, for heaven knows they're just about the dullest things going, and never so much as this year with Sam Capen away, and even Park von Tiddledywinks, an absentee.

Will we never hear the last of the Board of Lady Managers? They turn up every other week in one part of the country or another. Here's Mrs. F. P. Ernest who was, to do the good lady justice, a very hard-working and substantial member of that glorious organization, with some sound sense in her sprightly little person, and always gracious and nice to everybody. Well, you know the Ernests were so much in earnest—(couldn't help it, deed and double, I couldn't) about the gu-lorious future of St. Loui's after the Fair that they bought a thousand acres of ground, more or less, in East St. L., so's to be right handy when things happened over here. Mrs. E. is over here just about twice as much as she is at home, and her bridge tolls must be fierce. Well, the Ernests were giving one of their loveliest blow-outs the other night. After the guests had dined

CONDENSED OFFICIAL STATEMENT  
OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF

## Mississippi Valley Trust Company

### St. Louis

Under Call of Secretary of State,  
At Close of Business, July 10, 1906.

#### RESOURCES.

Loans .....	\$13,935,198.89
Bonds and Stocks .....	7,379,490.98
Real Estate .....	298,107.02
Overdrafts .....	9,801.83
Safety Deposit Vaults .....	72,000.00
Cash and Exchange .....	3,984,918.13
All other resources .....	14,336.34

\$25,683,853.19

#### LIABILITIES.

Capital .....	\$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits .....	5,721,942.62
Deposits .....	16,839,262.08
Reserve for interest on savings accounts .....	10,000.00
Reserve for 1906 taxes .....	57,000.00
Reserve for reinsurance of liability as surety on outstanding bonds .....	47,581.59
All other liabilities .....	8,000.90

\$25,683,853.19

#### OFFICERS.

JULIUS S. WALSH, Chairman of the Board.	JAMES E. BROCK, Secretary.
BRECKENRIDGE JONES, President.	HUGH R. LYLE, Assistant Secretary.
JOHN D. DAVIS, Vice President.	HENRY C. IBBOTSON, Assistant Secretary.
SAMUEL E. HOFFMAN, Vice President.	C. HUNT TURNER, JR., Assistant Secretary.
HENRY SEMPLE AMES, Assistant Executive Officer.	WILLIAM G. LACKEY, Bond Officer.
FREDERICK VIERLING, Trust Officer.	WM. McC. MARTIN, Assistant Bond Officer.
CHAS. M. POLK, Assistant Trust Officer.	TOM W. BENNETT, Real Estate Officer.
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S. E. HOFFMAN, Vice President.	
CHAS. H. HUTTIG, President Third National Bank.	

## Barry's Corset and Lingerie Store

615 LOCUST STREET

Desires to announce the opening of a particularly choice shipment of Handmade French Lingerie.

In order to reduce stock to make room for further shipments due them, the prices on these wonderfully attractive garments are very low.

Many of the exquisite designs we control for this market.

Of interest to prospective brides is our immense assortment of Trousseau Sets, worth from \$12.50 to \$50.00—selling now from \$8.50 to \$35.00.

Handmade Chemise, beautifully embroidered, fifteen different designs, imported to sell for \$1.75 and \$2.00—now \$1.35.

Handmade Night Dresses, high and low neck, worth up to \$4.00—specially priced at \$2.95.

Handmade Petticoats, ten different designs, worth up to \$5.00—now \$3.50.



sumptuously they repaired to the lawn to enjoy the cool of the evening. Somebody has just risen to recite a little selection, when, biff! went an egg, and it struck the back of a chair in which sat young Finis P. Ernest, son of Mrs. E., who was paying earnest attention to the recitation. The egg made a horrid muss, Jane, very naturally. All the guests rushed forth to search the shrubbery for the vandals. The consensus of opinion seems to be that this villainous egg-throwing was the work of a hired assassin, in the pay of some jealous Alta Sita—that's the East St. Louis subub where the Ernests live—female person who just simply can't stand to see Mrs. E. having so many friends and so much money, and such lovely evening parties on the lawn. But what else can one expect when one goes across the river to live?

❖

Remember Frank Humphrey, who built and for a short time lived in that fine big Lindell house which the Charlie Drummonds have variously occupied—then the Eugene Cuendets and now the Cuendets again. His daughter, Adele, who used to visit here from time to time, is engaged to a Boston man—they live in the East, and have ever since Mrs. Humphrey died. Adele is one of the real wholesome style of girl—and with perfect manners.

❖

One of those dumpling, darling Mellier girls was married the other day, dearest, to that sweet blonde, Alan Pendleton. Why, certainly you know him. Isn't there a street named for him, or his grandfather, right in this very town, ducky, and the loveliest summer garden situated somewhere near the said avenue. Well, this is the oldest Mellier daughter, the one who married some man in New York and got a divorce from him this summer. Don't think she knew Alan then, but he may have belonged to that old guard known as the beaux of yesterday, so far as Reba was concerned. You can never tell the leastest little thing, darling, about a girl's old beaux. They are likely to crop out in any place and at any time. Old beaux are like old shoes. They're the most comfortable things on earth. They should never be thrown away, for nobody ever knows what rainy day will turn up when they are bound to come handy. This may, now I don't say that it is—but it may be the case with Reba Mellier and Alan. Anyhow, I'm glad they're married and awa', and I hope they'll be so happy that she'll never remember the time when he wasn't a beau. A Mellier son married into the Bob Lucas family this summer—it was Adrienne, the youngest and only remaining daughter—vurry nice girl, too, and mighty different from her two older sisters.

BLUE JAY.

❖❖❖

## An August Siesta

By Ernest McGaffey

UNDER the shade of a huge cotton-wood tree a grass-plot slopes gradually down to the river. From the topmost branches of the tree a tiny feathery-fibered tassel occasionally sets sail, to float with the almost imperceptibly stirring air currents. The green canopy of broad leaves is a-dream with the rest of the world. A drowsy whisper infrequently steals through the foliage, but there is not life enough in the tethered breeze to ripple it into apparent motion. A shield of sunlight covers the tented green, and mousing bits of daylight pry at the lattice-like leaf-screens, as eager to dive into the shade beneath.

One lone, bleached limb of the cottonwood reaches out from the vast trunk, dead, white, and stripped of any sign of twig or accompanying bough. Whether blasted by the lightning or killed by the borings of worms or insects, there it stands, bare in the sunshine, its upper end curving to a point, much as the ivory trunk of a mastodon might have pierced

outward and up, ages past, in the jungles of prehistoric days. It is the half-way house for wandering bird-wings, a point of vantage for tired pinions to reach, and for curving talons to cling to.

Sometimes the occupant will be a wary red-headed wood-pecker, his scarlet topknot showing at that height like a patch of fire. The "tap, tap, tap" of his vigorous rat-a-plan comes down but feebly, however, from that eminence. Finally he spreads wings and is away, the vigorous strokes cleaving the air with a succession of graceful curves.

Sometimes a predatory crow will light on the extreme point of this eyrie, sharply scanning the surrounding vicinity before settling down to an easy perch, and at some far-off signal of his free-booting comrades, will respond with raucous challenging. When he drops from the limb, it is with an awkward swirl of wide black wings, and a turn downwards into the sheltering timber.

Often there will be a soft premonitory flutter about the naked spar, and a dove, or a pair of doves

will rustlingly come to a stand-still. Their drab plumage is almost colorless in the strong lights that beat on them, and their graceful outlines are carved even into greater symmetry by reason of the distance. As they sit there, a golden-winged wood-pecker swings upward with a buoyant movement, and divides the advantages of the beetling height. The precipitate departure of the doves leaves him the sole occupant, and presently, he, too, falls from this haunt of his fellows with a straw-tinted flailing of hurrying wings.

Back of the river, in the depths of the woods, there is a heavy and palpitating silence. The mandrakes droop in the shadows, their thick and creamy blossoms odorous with the perfume of summer days. On the grass where the sunshine flickers past through the trees, there comes a lace-like tracery of filagree most delicate, blending and clinging with the outlines of brooding masks that denote where the shade falls thickest. A quail's whistle comes from some inner sanctuary, and the chattering outburst of a squirrel

## We Announce



An after-inventory clearance of all late Spring and Summer merchandise.

Reductions are especially notable in Outer Garments for Women, Undermuslins, Millinery, White Goods, Colored Wash Goods, Laces, Robes, Parasols, Neckwear, Silks, Dress Goods, etc.

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WITH eyes black or brown and tresses of like color your skin requires Carmen Powder.

Every woman knows that no one powder is suitable for all skins, but she does not know the reason why. Carmen Powder is made for you; it is not so good for blondes—their skin is different—but it is just what you want.

Fine, soft, adhesive, delightfully perfumed. It don't show unpleasantly, nor does it blow off. Very little is needed to give your complexion the refinement you desire.

Price 50 Cents per Box.

Made in four tints—white, flesh, pink and cream, by the

**STAFFORD-MILLER CO.,  
ST. LOUIS.**

Any one of these representative druggists of St. Louis will gladly give you a sample box of Carmen Powder: Judge & Dolph Drug Co., Raboteau & Co., Wolff-Wilson, Johnson Bros., Smith's Drug Store, 2713 N. 14th St., Otto's Drug Store, 3826 S. Broadway, Otto's Drug Store, 1805 Pestalozzi St.

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## SUMMER in the OZARKS

Canoeing on the spring-fed streams of the Ozarks is the perfection of summer sport. You enjoy the wash of the cool water, the ever-changing scene and the graceful, exhilarating exercise.

It is but one of the pleasures of those who have a summer home in the Ozarks.

Along the Frisco Line from St. Louis to Springfield are the Meramec, Gasconade, Big Piney and other streams which have many beautiful spots for Summer Homes. They are but a few hours' ride from St. Louis. Just the thing for the business man—at a very small expense he can be at his summer resort every Saturday afternoon and Sunday during the summer.

Take a trip over the line next Saturday and look over the country. The service is convenient and the rates are cheap.

### Fishermen's Special Saturday Afternoon.

Leave St. Louis Union Station at 2:45 p. m. and Tower Grove at 2:55 p. m., and stops at all resorts between St. Louis and Jerome. Round-trip week-end tickets are sold for this train at greatly reduced rates and are good returning on regular trains Sunday and Monday, also on special train Sunday evening.



For further information write or call upon

**F. J. DEICKE,**

Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.

900 Olive st. (Frisco Bldg.), St. Louis.

rel sounds on a near-by oak; these cease, and the quiet grows deeper.

Along the bottom road, the dust is piled in tawny folds. Here the sun beats down mercilessly, and a glistening garter-snake trails sluggishly over the path and slips into the shelter of a viny fence-corner. Blackberry bushes line this fence, the clusters of fast-ripening fruit bearing even now the dints of many an inquisitive beak. From the side of the highway through the bushes and towards the river, is a narrow trail, and along this, three boys with rude fishing-poles and a can of bait are walking in the direction of the stream. They are barefooted, and their feet sink in the dust, displacing its feather-like texture, and leaving their tracks distinctly printed.

Their boyish talk rises and falls as they go past, and as the heavier growth of the timber next the river gathers about them, the echo of their voices dies away.

From the foot of the tall cottonwood the bank cuts down abruptly to the water, and a long snag thrusts its upper tentacles out from the current. The main body of this snag, a smooth and broad log, is a rendezvous for a colony of turtles. They bask in the half-light, split into sun and shade by the outer edge of the overhanging trees, or, startled by the approach of infrequent footsteps, slide noiselessly into the cooling element below. On the upper limbs of the snag the little green herons sometimes light, steadying

themselves as they grasp the branches, and here, too, the belted kingfisher suspiciously halts in his trips along-shore.

Under the snag lurk black bass and crappie, and trustful sunfish bend and draw downward there the bright-hued "bobbers" of lazy fishermen. At the end of the snag the current breaks off into a million glittering facets, striking diamond-jeweled glints from a space of gravelly shallows which commences suddenly at that point.

And here, all day long, the music of the waters changes and sings. There will be harmonious trebles that go zig-zagging down in liquid staccato, and a purl and gurgle where they are whirled over to drown in deeper water just beyond. There will be the arrested tinkle of tiny chanting threads of water where a piece of bark lodges against a stone, a fret across the dreaming lyre of the stream. Sometimes, strangely enough, too, the current will take on an undertone of mournful chanting, as of baritone harmony from hidden depths, and all this will then be stilled and a wash of thin crisp echoes will drift up from where the sunlight hovers, like a great golden butterfly, above the shallows.

Here ride and dart the black-painted water-bugs; here sparkles the dragon fly; here falls the plash of a leaping fish with a parting of the waters and a circle of widening ripples to mark where he rose. Here comes at intervals the creaking discord of the

laboring oar, the harshness of some ribald laugh, the still, small complaining of a grass-buried cricket.

All day long. The steady flow of yearning waters, the ebb and advance of summer tides. Dawn, with its heralding banners, noon with a molten glory spilled about the skies. For time and tide who cares? For old sorrows, or despairs? The lilt of waters, the croon of mellowing harmony in many keys, the poetry of rhythmic rapids down-drifting to the sea. All day long. The scent of hazel thickets, the tang of eddying smoke from a distant "clearing," the flavor of unplucked fruit and wild from fence-rows and hard-by woodland paths. The snow of a mandrake blossom, the compact emerald of tenacious bark-bordering mosses. Music, color, perfume; and the drowsy and semi-tropic sense of lotus-eating in an enchanted land.

And now, as the mists and crepe of approaching twilight begin to show themselves; as the river's melody takes on a more intimate and personal vibration, and the sickle of the new moon shows faintly above the western hills,—there comes a web-like embroidery of home-seeking bird-wings, dimly etched in the highways overhead, a solitary star flings out a signal of night, and from the innermost sanctuary of the woods there trembles by the querulous complaining of a whippoorwill.

We think somewhat better of Harry Thaw when we think of his fellow Pittsburger, Augustus Hartje.

## WE WILL ACTUALLY GIVE YOU \$10.

WE ARE OVERLOADED WITH  
\$25 SUITS  
WHICH MUST BE SOLD AT THE  
ASTONISHING REDUCED PRICE OF

**\$15.00**

It is almost unnecessary for us to dwell upon the quality of these suits, as the buying public is now thoroughly conversant with the undeniable excellence of quality found in

**DIEL'S UNCOMMON CLOTHING.**

Yet we feel that a word of explanation in reference to this price-reduction is due. We purchased a vast quantity of these handsomely tailored suits to be sold for \$25.00. A retardation of the past season prevented the complete closing out of these suits at the original price. Consequently, we have decided to push these suits out of stock and to actually make each purchaser a present of \$10.00 by selling these suits at

**\$15.00 EACH.**

Your judgment, in prompting you to grasp this unprecedented opportunity, is not misleading you. The snap is a rarity.

THIS is not a canard, not a parody on business principles. We are going to do just what we say, not through choice nor through philanthropic motives, but through the inevitable force of circumstances.

We have a complete line of 2  
and 3-piece Suits for stout  
men at

**Reduced Prices**

All our Panama Hats now offered at

**1-3 Off**

Your choice of all our \$3.00  
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Manhattan Shirts at Reduced  
Prices.

\$1.50 quality, now.....\$1.15  
\$2.00 quality, now.....\$1.38  
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OPEN TILL 10:30 SATURDAY NIGHT

**Diels**  
ST. LOUIS

NINTH AND OLIVE—ODD FELLOWS' BLDG.

### The Crying Need.

The horseless cart pervades the land,  
The wire'ess telegram;  
We have the seedless apple, and  
The boneless ham.

These are to me of small portent,  
But, oh, my need is sore!  
If only some one would invent  
A wolfless door!

*Carolyn Wells in Harper's.*

### A Gallant Compliment.

Gallie gal'lantry could no further go  
than the compliment Sarah Bernhardt,  
safe in Paris, recalls of the Western  
dry goods clerk who said to her, "Ma-  
dame, I learned French only to hear  
you, and it was worth it."—*New York  
World.*

### In New York

Can't you think of some unusual thing  
to do to-night—something we haven't  
done before?"

"We might spend the evening at  
home."

"What's the difference between vision  
and sight?"

"See those two girls across the  
street?"

"Yes."

"Well the pretty one I would call a  
vision of loveliness, but the other one—  
she's a sight."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*


Sir Henry Irving once said: "What is  
the good of lawyers treating an honest  
and sensible witness on the witness-  
stand as though he were a sneak thief?  
A young man in my company was a witness  
in a case of robbery. He had  
seen a thief snatch a young girl's pocket-  
book and make off. We'll, the thief's  
lawyer cross-examined my young friend  
shamefully. He roared at him, raved  
at him 'And at what hour d'd all  
this happen?' the lawyer, sneering,  
asked toward the end of his examina-  
tion. 'I think—' my friend began,  
but he was at once interrupted. 'We  
don't care anything here about what  
you think!' said the lawyer, with a sort  
of contempt. 'Don't you want to hear  
what I think?' said my young friend,  
mildly. 'Certainly not,' the lawyer  
roared. 'Then,' said my friend, 'I may  
as well step down from the box. I'll

not a lawyer. I can't talk without think-  
ing.'"

The Hon. H. L. Dawes, in his young  
manhood, was an indifferent speaker.  
Participating in a law case soon after  
his admission to the bar, before a North  
Adams justice of the peace, Dawes was  
opposed by an older attorney whose  
eloquence attracted a large crowd that  
packed the court-room.

The justice was freely perspiring, and  
drawing off his coat in the midst of the  
lawyer's eloquent address, he said:

"Mr. Attorney, suppose you sit down  
and let Mr. Dawes begin to speak. I  
want to thin out this crowd.—*Boston  
Globe.*



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That Counts  
Most**

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TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, AND FRIDAYS } To ALTON  
AND FRIDAYS } AND CHAUTAUQUA  
WEDNESDAYS } To MONTESANO PARK  
DAYS } Lv. 9:30 a. m., Return 6:00 p. m.  
Round Trip, 25c. Children, 15c.

**SUNDAY To ALTON**  
Tickets, 50c | Lv. 9:00 a. m. Return 1:30 p. m.  
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Good for 2 Trips.

**EVENING EXCURSIONS** { Delightful ride on the Mississip-  
pi River, Music, Dancing,  
Refreshments.  
TICKETS, 25c.  
Leave 7:30 p. m. Return 11:00 p. m.



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VANDEVENTER PLACE

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EXCELLENT CUISINE

Meals a la Carte or Table d' Hôte

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### The Little Devil

It will appeal to everybody but fatuous folks with two-ply morals.

Mr. Jefferson said: "It is the Prince of Entertainers in the periodical line."

Mirror readers would revel in its rollicking essays and sharp satire. That's my excuse for calling your attention to it.

Sold at all news stands Ten cents per copy. If your dealer is out, send coin or stamps and I will send you copy.

LITTLE DEVIL MAGAZINE  
Los Angeles, Calif.

SUBURBAN TO-NIGHT AT 8:15 SHARP

HERBERT KELCEY - SHANNON  
EFFIE in "HER LORD AND MASTER"

Seats at Bollman's—Avoid the Rush  
Next—MAUDE FEALY in "The Little Minister."

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Four Concerts Every Day.

BIG POPULAR VAUDEVILLE IN THEATER

Including Fanny Rice, Lew Hawkins, Four American Trumpeters, McCue and Cahill, Lucier and the Kinodrome.

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Grand Orchestra of Filty Men

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Tyrolean Singers and Dancers

Next week—Edna Bruns, the Apollo Club Girl.

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EVENINGS, 8:20

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK"

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Sunday Matinee, August 5—"The Telephone Girl"  
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MOSCOW SPECTACLE and

GORGEOUS FIREWORKS

300—PEOPLE—300

The Largest Summer Production the World has ever seen.

### Summer Shows

"Her Lord and Master," the new play at the Suburban this week, will do. It has get-there qualities to burn. It isn't flashy as to climax, but its dialogue is bright and well sustained, and it has situations that have a novel turn. At least, it dissipates the memory of "The Moth and the Flame," and reveals the Shannon-Kelcey forces as more than capable. The piece was tried for the first time on a summer garden audience Sunday night. They "ate it up," as they say on the street. The audience just fairly stormed Miss Shannon, whose work as an American girl in England, wedded into a convention-bound bunch of titles, was exceedingly clever. The applause sounded like the result of a tenning rally at a ball park. Mr. Kelcey, as the titled husband, handled the part up to the hand's and then some. Miss Kate Blanke's exhibition of acting in the role of *Lady Canning* is easily the best individual effort after Miss Shannon's. Miss Blanke is the real thing in that company. Miss Lisle Leigh, Miss Adelyn Wesley, Walter Edwards and Harry Fenwick are delightfully cast and amusing at all times.

Next week Maud Fealy in the winsome role of *Babbie* in "The Little Minister."

"The Belle of New York" has suffered many deaths in the several years of its existence—violent deaths at the hands of many companies—but it "comes to" always before they can screw down the lid. In the hands of a real, sure enough company, like Delmar's, however, it weathers well the shock of revival. In entertainers, too. It was in this piece the inimitable Dan Daly amused us, and we now see William Herman West, also a full-blown comedian, in the part which Daly did so admirably. West fits everywhere. Next to him in the fun is Toby Craig, the ragger girl of New York. Her song and dance with Edwin Clark is as thoroughly characteristic as Miss Craig ever made it, and it's still a hit. Miss Tracy, Miss Revare, Miss Rhoda, John E. Young and Riley Hatch also get some of the "candy."

Next week "The Telephone Girl" will be revived.

They all come under the wire bunched for first honors at Forest Park Highlands this week—Director Erlinger, Mme. Erlinger, their band and the vaudevillians. It would almost take a race course judge to separate 'em. But the Erlingers seem to have the call. The Erlingers are busy nearly always. The Erlinger idea in music is not merely melody, but melody and pace—good, swift pace. He keeps the air pretty well charged these evenings, and with popular music, too. In the show there is Fanny Rice with her dolls; Lew Hawkins, with his gags and songs; McCue and Cahill, vocalists, who vocalize, the American trumpeters, and Lucier and Lucier, in a turn that has the creakiness of the new and much broadness of fun. Then there is the kinodrome, and the skating rink and the scenic railway. And a hundred cool spots whereat to beguile what time there's left. It's a good bill at the Highlands this week.

Once again the voice of the Tyrolean yodlers is heard "in the land." Their melodies ring through the Alps incessant, tuneful, quaint and compelling. No mere, ordinary singers, these yodlers, as any one who has once heard them will attest. Their gift is a family inheritance for generations back, and they have a way of their own of cultivating it. Their engagement at the Alps began Monday night before a large audience. "Papa" Rainer and

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It will supply you with 25 gallons of hot water in 45 minutes for about 4 cents. In fact your supply of hot water will never be exhausted. The Gas needs to burn only when hot water is wanted.

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Unsurpassable in Cuisine and Service.  
Choicest Imported Wines and Cigars.  
Finest Imported and Domestic Beers  
on Draught.

Open 8 A. M. to One O'Clock at Night.

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SHALL BE  
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- ballasted track,
- observation sleepers,
- broiler buffet service,
- trains that run on time.

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where Southwest via



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RED VEINS, PIGMENT SPOTS,  
BIRTHMARKS, ETC.,**

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J. P. O'CONNOR,

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the jovial Mauntner are the favorites of  
the band.

Next week Edna Bruns, another pret-  
ty, accomplished Missouri girl, who has  
already won honors on the concert  
stage, will be the soloist at the Alps.  
She is a former pupil of Mr. Fred  
Robyn's, and will be remembered as  
the "girl" of the Apollo Club.

\*\*\*

### Gregory's Moscow Spectacle

Gregory's "Moscow," a gorgeous py-  
rotechnic spectacle, characteristic of  
Russia and the Russians, in their past  
and present civil disturbances, will be  
given August 6 to 26 at Hanlon's Park.  
It's said to be a faithful picture of the  
great city from which Napoleon's fa-  
mous and fatal retreat was made. Both  
as to its architectural beauty and the  
sartorial ornateness of its people. All  
the main incidents in the tragedy that  
resulted in the burning of the city are  
vividly presented—the crowds, the re-  
ligious processions, the fierce Cossacks  
who precipitate the disturbance by at-  
tacking the masses, who are celebrating  
the Czar's manifesto. The conflagra-  
tion is said to be a grand and thrilling  
climax.

### Conditions in Colorado

To the Editor of The Mirror.

In last week's issue of the MIRROR,  
speaking about the conditions in Colo-  
rado you say: "The State has long been  
a sort of capitalistic 'rotten borough'  
in which the wealthy interests have  
outraged all the fundamental laws with  
regard to taxation, hours of labor, gen-  
eral rights of the public —" That is  
only too true. If the American public  
only knew more of the real condition  
under which labor has to suffer in that  
State, of "the abominations of capital-  
istic rule," as the MIRROR justly calls  
them, they would not wonder why it is  
that Socialism, and the most radical  
Socialism, is gaining more and more  
ground among the working population  
of that State. The fact ought to be  
generally known throughout the coun-  
try that since the "Mine Owners' As-  
sociation," working hand in hand with  
the notorious "Citizens' Industrial As-  
sociation," has succeeded in completely  
disrupting the union, (the Western  
Federation of Miners) the men work-  
ing in the mines are compelled to work  
seven days every week; no day of rest  
for them; Sunday and week day is all  
the same to them—work and toil, and  
what hard and hazardous work under  
the earth in constant danger from ex-  
plosions and earth slides! And this in  
our Christian country, under a free  
government, in our enlightened twen-  
tieth century!

But they are paid well: Sure: three  
dollars a day. Only, that rent and  
board are so high there that an unmar-  
ried man cannot get board, i. e., decent  
board sufficient to keep up his strength  
of body, the only thing he has to offer  
in the labor market, for less than ten  
dollars per week. That's the regular  
price they are charged in the block-  
houses (euphemistically called "hotels")  
in Cripple Creek and the other mining  
centers. Which leaves the man eleven  
dollars to pay for his other expenses,  
clothes, etc., and to put away for a  
rainy day. These are the ideal con-  
ditions, the "harmonization of capital  
and labor" which the Citizens' Indus-  
trial Association wants to bring about  
throughout the country.

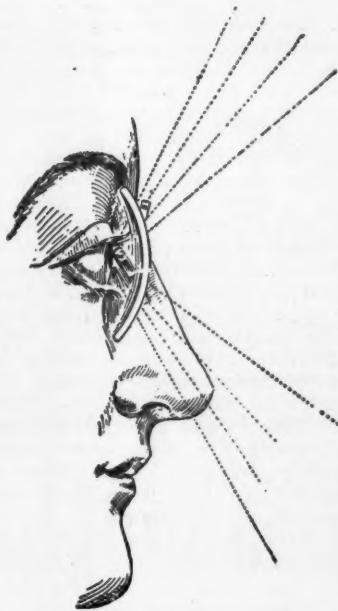
On page 11 of the last (July) num-  
ber of the *Citizens' Industrial Expo-  
nent*, the organ of the Citizens' Indus-  
trial Association of St. Louis, which  
bears as motto on its title page the  
mocking words: "Peace, Liberty, Jus-  
tice," I read the following paragraph:  
"One of the principal causes of discon-  
tent among the workers in this and for-  
eign countries is the high price of food  
products and rent. In this country  
high wages has much to do with high  
prices offered." The conditions in  
Colorado as above stated, do not seem  
quite to bear out this assertion. All  
those who favor conditions which will  
not permit the working man to find  
time enough to enjoy a day of rest,  
with his family, to go to church on  
Sunday, or to use this day for his  
recreation, and who wish to bring about  
the same lovely conditions for St.  
Louis and Missouri, which exist in  
Colorado, where the Citizens' Industrial  
Alliance has full sway, ought to make  
haste to send in their applications for  
membership, (the names of the mem-  
bers are kept secret, they seem to be  
ashamed of the light of God's sun), to  
Mr. Schwedtmann, the secretary of this  
association for "Peace, Liberty and  
Justice." Yours respectfully, S.

\*\*\*

FAST SERVICE TO MICHIGAN  
Via Illinois Central R. R. daily begin-  
ning June 24th:

Leave St. Louis..... 11:45 a. m.  
Arrive Petoskey..... 6:25 a. m.  
Bay View at ..... 6:28 a. m.  
We-que-ton-sing ..... 7:22 a. m.  
Harbor Springs ..... 7:25 a. m.

## Correct Glasses



**D**ON'T take chances with your  
eyes. If you need glasses, se-  
cure the best optical service  
to be had. Select your optician as  
carefully as you would your physician.

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opticians are men of the highest tech-  
nical skill in their profession. Our  
lens-grinding plant—on our fourth  
floor—is the largest and most com-  
plete in the West. We test your  
eyes carefully and supply you with  
glasses of highest scientific accuracy  
at the

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of America



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OR ANY OTHER DRUGGIST'S



## The Revived Browns

If the Browns do not finish better than the top of the second division in the American League pennant race this season, their failure can scarcely be attributed to the club's owners. Thanks to the proprietors and the public, the Browns of this season is a vastly improved organization over that of 1905, and despite the fact that they are victims of a hoodoo that seems to hurl them backward whenever they secure a foothold in the upper division, they are playing real base ball—a more brilliant, more spirited and more courageous brand of base ball than St. Louis supporters of the team have seen them play in some seasons. No visiting team, not even the clubs leading in the race, regards them lightly, as of yore. Every victory snatched from them nowadays is a hard-earned one. The victors know they've been in a struggle, at any rate. The race in the American has already developed into the keenest kind of a contest between six clubs, with St. Louis right in the hunt, and only eight games behind the leaders. Should any or all of the teams in advance of St. Louis suffer some of the ordinary ill luck of base ball, so common to the Browns for several seasons, the complexion of the contest might be quickly changed. And the Browns playing in the same dare-devil fashion they have of late displayed may yet stand a chance of holding one of the coveted spots at the top, in either one, two or three.

The changes made by the club's proprietors have not only had a beneficial effect on the team's play, but have served to restore the team to the position it should always hold in the public favor at home. When the Browns were racing for last place last season, and putting up a generally successful effort to get there the public faith began to waver. But since they have seen good players installed where poor or indifferent ones once held sway, they have gradually come to realize that the Browns deserved more hearty support. It's the public's change of attitude toward the team collectively, and individually, that has invited better efforts and induced head work and injected ginger into their play and made them worthy foes of the best teams of the circuit. With the home-crowd boosting just a little the Browns have made thus far a good fight, and even better work may be looked for when the glad hand has completely supplanted the hammer. That the St. Louis public is growing fonder of the Browns individually is shown in the increased attendance and the general boost the team is receiving from the crowds. With such men as Stone, the acknowledged prince of hitters, leader of his club and a close second in the league, the speedy Niles, the crafty O'Connor, the slashing Hemphill, and pitchers like Powell, Howell, Peltz, Glade, Jacobson and Smith, a short stop without peer, Wallace, and a good and reliable first baseman, Jones, there isn't any reason why the Browns with fair luck and continued good play shouldn't fulfill the prophecies of their many admirers.

♦ ♦ ♦

## FAST SERVICE TO MICHIGAN

Via Illinois Central R. R., daily, beginning June 24th:

Leave St. Louis.....11:45 a. m.,  
Arrive Petoskey ..... 6:25 a. m.,  
Bay View at ..... 6:28 a. m.,  
We-que-ton-sing ..... 7:22 a. m.,  
Harbor Spring ..... 7:25 a. m.

♦ ♦ ♦

One feature of A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer, Purity—by a process originated and patented by us. Every bottle is sterilized before it is filled and pasteurized afterwards. Order from American Brewing Company.

## The Stock Market

Covering of "short" sales was, perhaps, the principal factor in the upward movement of the past twenty days. The bears had been overdoing the thing at the low price level. They made the mistake of overlooking technical conditions. The extensive bear contracts made the decisive gains in Union Pacific, Steel, New York Central, Pennsylvania, Reading, Amalgamated Copper, St. Paul and Northern Pacific inevitable. Now that the bears have taken their medicine, the question is—will the rise go further? In answering this, we have to consider such highly important adverse factors as the strain in the money markets of the world, the approach of the crop-moving season, with its attendant drain on New York's bank reserves, the Congressional elections and the continued turmoil in Russia.

Last Saturday's bank statement left surplus reserves at \$18,892,000. While this amount is above that of a year ago, it is still below the average for this season. The big gain in loans was not relished by conservative people. The addition to loans, in the past two weeks, has been more than \$22,000,000. This was the natural outcome of the resumption of bullish activity in the Wall street market. That the New York banks are in a sufficiently comfortable position to cope with the autumnal demand for funds, cannot be admitted for an instant. It is estimated that interior banks have about \$125,000,000 to their credit in New York. Much of this will have to be withdrawn to assist in moving the exceptionally big crops. The interior is prosperous. We all know that. But we are also well aware that money is tied up to an unusual extent in real estate. The interior banks are not in as strong a position as they were a year ago.

This being the case, a monetary pinch is almost certain to occur either in New York, or in West and South. The former alternative appears the most probable at this time. New York will have to loosen up its purse-strings. In view of this, there should, before long, be a renewal of strong efforts to tap Europe's gold supply. But Europe is not in a generous mood. It is not believed that it could let us have more than about \$15,000,000. That would not be enough to cover requirements on this side. We would thus be compelled to raise our bids on gold, and the result of such a proceeding would be a rise in the Bank of England's rate of discount.

Undoubtedly, Mr. Shaw, our accommodating Secretary of the Treasury, will again be appealed to for succor before we are many weeks older. Whether he will be able to furnish the needed stuff this year, remains to be seen. Thus, taken all round, the monetary outlook is anything but encouraging for the bulls. Call-money rates are low in Wall street, but this does not hide the fact that time-money is by no means plenteous. There's a rumor current now that the Union Pacific is about to borrow \$10,000,000 at 5½ per cent per annum. That does not look like easy money. It is intimated that other corporations would be only too glad to borrow large sums of money if they saw any opportunity of success.

Our capital, as above stated, is excessively tied up. Heavy liquidation in one or the other direction is absolutely essential for a restoration of financial equilibrium, just as it was three years ago. We are largely in debt to Europe. Some authorities assert that we owe at least \$400,000,000. A heavy load of American stocks is carried for New York account in London. The situation doesn't look right. Yet, bull leaders in Wall street continue to regale the commu-



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Vice-President.

W. E. BERGER,  
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St. Louis Stock Exchange.

Direct Private Wires to practically  
every city in the  
United States.

Condensed Official Statement of the Financial Condition of  
**MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST COMPANY, ST. LOUIS,**  
Under Call of Secretary of State at Close of Business, July 10, 1906.

RESOURCES.	
Loans .....	\$13,935,198.89
Bonds and Stocks .....	7,379,490.98
Real Estate .....	288,107.02
Overdrafts .....	9,801.83
Safety Deposit Vaults .....	72,000.00
Cash and Exchange .....	3,984,918.13
All other Resources .....	14,336.34
	<b>\$25,683,853.19</b>
LIABILITIES.	
Capital .....	\$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits .....	5,721,942.62
Deposits .....	16,839,262.08
Reserve for Interest on Savings Accounts .....	10,000.00
Reserve for 1906 Taxes .....	57,000.00
Reserve for Reinsurance of Liability as Surety on Outstanding Bonds .....	47,581.69
All other Liabilities .....	8,066.90
	<b>\$25,683,853.19</b>



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**CANDIES.**  
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& OTHER FOUNTAIN DRINKS  
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J. E. DAVENPORT, D. P. A.  
St. Louis, Mo.

C. L. STONE, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

nity with the most palatable sort of speculative dope. They point to enlarging dividends, to record-breaking steel and iron business, bumper crops, phenomenal railroad earnings, and things of that sort, as irrefragable reasons in favor of another prolonged rise in security values. Their arguments are attractive, but not convincing.

The other day, the City of New York sold \$12,500,000 in 4 per cent bonds at less than 101. In February last, the same city sold 4 per cent bonds at 108. Do you see anything in this which might be adduced as a strong reason why security quotations should be lifted higher? I must confess that I do not. If New York City has to dispose of its 4 per cent bonds at a price but slightly above par, there's no particular inducement to buy speculative stocks at prices that barely yield 4 per cent or less on the investment. What was said here a week ago in regard to the Panama Canal bonds, found illuminative justification in the astounding sale of New York bonds. Only five years ago, that same city sold its bonds at a rate yielding less than 3 per cent to investors.

What must we infer from this? That the value of capital is rising. Why? Because the demand for it is outstripping the supply. Around 1900, there used to be specious talk about a permanently downward drift in money rates. High-standing financial oracles dwelled lengthily on the low value of money then prevailing, and postulated therefrom that the era of high money rates had passed to return no more. Since that time, a startling change has taken place. All first-class securities are on the down-grade. Insurance companies are beginning to worry about the book value of their assets. British consols, the erstwhile premier security of the world, have dropped from 113 to 87. French rentes are falling steadily. France's national wealth has been reduced by almost a billion francs in the last twelve months. Similar reports come from other countries. Capital is drifting into speculative channels more than ever. Low interest rates have lost their attraction, even if they are combined with comparative safety. The rising standard of living all over the world must be regarded as one of the reasons for this enhancing strain upon capital resources.

The forthcoming statement of the United States Steel Corporation, for the June quarter, is confidently expected to smash all previous high records. Estimates of the net results range from \$38,000,000 to \$40,000,000. The best informed people look for \$39,000,000. The previous high record was \$37,662,658 for the second quarter of 1902. For the June quarter in 1905, the net amounted to \$30,305,116. The company is earning a substantial surplus on the common, but hopes of a dividend on the common continue slim, in spite of the late sharp improvement in the value of the shares.

### Local Securities.

There's not much to chronicle regarding the St. Louis market's doing in the past week. Prices moved within a narrow range, demand was poor, and holders were disposed to look for higher prices. Midsummer apathy has overcrept the Fourth street exchange. Quotations are merely nominal in many instances. Bull's recognize that this is not a propitious time for rising movements. The banks report a strong inquiry for funds at rates closely hugging the 6 per cent notch.

The financial shares show little change. Bank of Commerce has receded to 316 bid, with offerings at 320. Third National is purchasable at 299, and Missouri-Lincoln at 130½ to 131. Mercantile Trust looks weak, with 373 bid, 377 asked. The last sales were made at 375. Commonwealth is selling, in a small way, at 319.

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Great Hotels of the World

## Hotel Belmont

42d Street and Park Avenue

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Highest Type of Fireproof Construction. \* Replete  
With Every Detail of Service and Equipment \*

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Largest  
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Handsomest  
IN ST. LOUIS.

Three Large, Separate Dining Rooms  
and several Smaller  
Rooms for Private  
Dinner Parties.

## St. Louis to Niagara Falls AND RETURN

**\$10.00**

August 7th, 1906

## Clover Leaf Route

THROUGH SLEEPERS AND COACHES

Ticket Office, 904 Olive St. and Union Station

United Railways preferred and common are about unchanged. The former is changing hands at 81¼, and the common is 49 bid, 49½ asked. The 4 per cent bonds are dull at 85¼.

Industrial shares are utterly neglected, and no attempt is made to bring them to the fore. The bond list is apathetic.

Sterling exchange is somewhat firmer, being quoted at \$4.85¼. Berlin is 94.82, and Paris 5.19. Drafts on New York are 10 discount bid, par asked.

### Answer to Inquiries.

Trader, Sandusky, O.—Norfolk & Western is strongly "tipped" for a rise. Increase in B. & O. dividends stimulates hopes of an increase in payments on the common. Would advise purchase on breaks.

T. B. F.—Keep out of Republic Iron

& Steel. Would let go of Chicago Railway Equipment at first little advance.

M. G., Peoria, Ill.—Consider Illinois Central a fair investment. Buy on a dip. You had better hang on to your Pennsylvania. No reason to sacrifice at prevailing level.

\*\*\*

One feature of A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer. Purity—by a process originated and patented by us, every bottle is sterilized before it is filled, and pasteurized afterwards. Order from American Brewing Company.

\*\*\*

ADVANCE CAR TO MICHIGAN  
Via Illinois Central R. R., June 6. Regular daily service on and after June 24. Leave St. Louis at 11:45 a. m.



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True Southern Route to El Paso and California

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The nutritious, tissue-building elements of choice Barley-Malt in predigested form are almost instantly assimilated and taken up by the system.

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Branson, Mo.,	} In the White River Country	\$12.00
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Pueblo,	} Colo.,	\$25.00
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Denver,	- - - - -	\$14.20
Hot Springs, Ark.,	- - - - -	\$61.50
Mexico City,	- - - - -	\$37.00
Glenwood Springs, Colo.,	- - - - -	\$38.00
Salt Lake City, Utah,	- - - - -	\$69.00
California Points	- - - - -	

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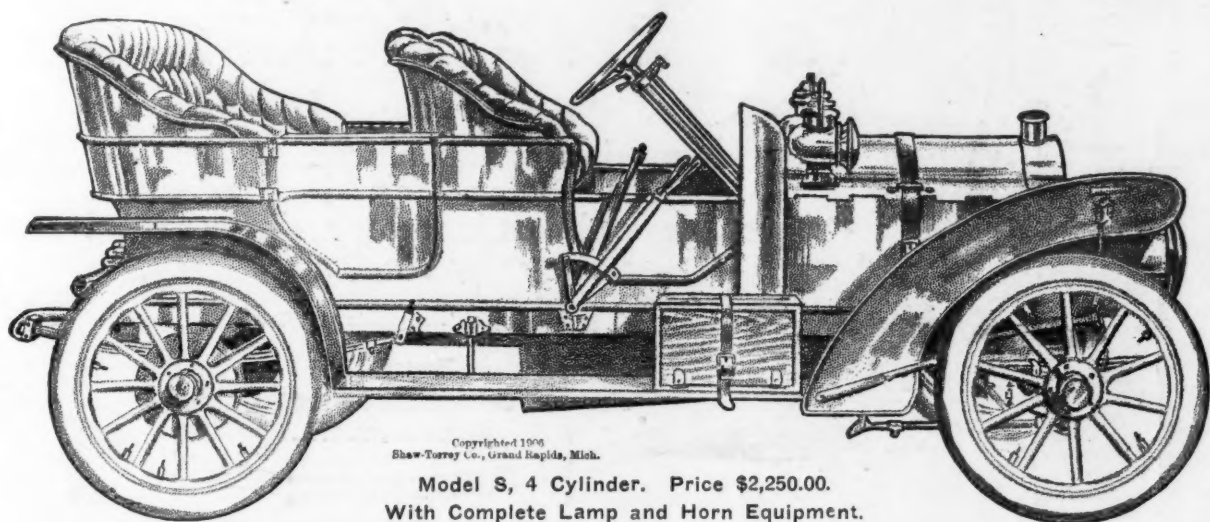
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